

James McGill parking a forklift right by Juan Carlos Lemus's office (where they were typically parked—you can only get so many forklifts into either of Wanzl's two busiest buildings) and smoking his bowl as he walked away from a machine he had no license or training for—while looking right at me, was the result of Wanzl's intentional omission of OSHA and love for itself only: Profit. Angel Hernandez running a table into me and telling me to fuck myself was also a result of what happens when you skip safety for the bottom line—if you give people forklifts and let them at it, like people are with anything, forklifts will be driven at the discretion of the operator. They'll “train themselves.” Like driving a car, with no license, they'll learn along the way; I recently saw a 1906 film of Market Street in San Francisco—its hard-to-believe chaos of people and machinery was apparently the result of not many rules yet—like signs and lines in the road. You could say Wanzl was like that with forklifts because it was—but unlike Wanzl, no one actually hits anyone or anything on “Market Street in 1906”—but I'll bet they didn't have OSHA back then, either. When the last time anyone was licensed to drive a forklift at Wanzl will never be known—my guess is around four years but it's probably been longer.

James McGill, oddly enough, had no accidents that I know of—but others did. No one was around to record or correct anyone or anything they were doing because Wanzl's Health Safety Environment Coordinator wasn't actually *at* the plant—he wasn't because I never saw or heard of Blake Guffey until the NCDOL got involved—I worked Wanzl's assembly line; shipping and receiving; I stamped parts, working in two plants—for two shifts. I was also in maintenance for about thirty minutes; Wanzl's maintenance were the only people at Wanzl who seemed to be dealing with reality. Where Blake Guffey was I don't know—I also don't know how you can be a Health Safety person and not actually be at the job-site but Indeed has a few Health Safety positions; some have lengthy lists where OSHA is often mentioned. One position, though, is remote—that makes no sense—how would you stay on top of anything but not be at the job—but that was certainly the case at Wanzl. What I did see my first week at Wanzl was people smoking dope in “Remanufacturing.” That's where I was taken to my first day by Juan Carlos Lemus who met me at Wanzl HR. Marijuana was one of the first things I learned about Wanzl—no one was really doing their jobs at Wanzl but they were making a salary.

They were also paid to address problems, not explain them away and blame someone else when things went wrong—while Blake Guffey did nothing for Health and Safety—and therefore nothing for Wanzl or industry altogether—despite Guffey recently graduating college with a degree in Health and Safety—Guffey's true talents—and actual job description was as a “fixer.”

He did a fine job of keeping the NCDOL fooled and at bay on the facts—I got fooled, too—until someone at Wanzl now started talking. While I found

Guffey mysterious, it has only occurred to me that that was because he was never at Wanzl; he either worked from home or never left his office. He worked from home is what he did--to make-up for his absence he worked on stories the NCDOL wanted to hear. While I knew "randoms" were a lie I have learned since that Wanzl doesn't drug-test at all. Wanzl "supervisor" Shannon Hale was a crime and OSHA nightmare--Hale practically lived on a forklift he ran into a pole--Hale was an accident waiting to happen, that, luckily for me, happened at a distance because I saw it. I immediately knew I would have to watch Hale anytime he was around on a forklift--and that whoever put him there was a moron--that's Master's in Engineering Wanzl CEO Ben Hinnen.

Blake Guffey didn't arrive to record what Shannon Hale did to that pole because he wasn't there--he didn't take note of Angel Hernandez's negligence, either, for the same reason.

Someone had an accident at Kontane Logistics in Hildebran--they split their head open with a plastic band that snapped and cut them--I warned people of that, but of course, no one listened. While Daniel's bleeding head wasn't entirely recorded it was noted in some form (he wasn't drug-tested but nor was I paid to do that--I think he would have failed). Wanzl never recorded any accidents--it instead lied about them so took them off the record entirely--that means that Wanzl hides other things, too. Blame comes in handy should things get hairy.

Shannon Hale told me he'd been with Wanzl four years--Hale is the reason why pot should never be legalized--it's close enough to legal already and if it's legalized will flood the workplace--but not really because pot has already flooded the workplace. I run into it nearly all the time to begin with; it has already happened that someone was found on a toilet with a needle in their arm--that was at H.T. Hackney several years ago but if you think the company had a purge preventing further overdoses you have no idea--there were people at Hackney *worse* than Brian. Nothing whatsoever was said about Shannon Hale, who reeked of pot like the people we all run into in public from time to time--he was like that every day and despite Wanzl's social media propaganda campaign otherwise, Hale is also in management. In the Ridgeview library people come in like Hale fairly often--no one says anything about it--they stink-up the place with pot until they leave--they are clearly under the influence--which is illegal--the city once sprayed potpourri. That's apparently a solution when it clearly isn't.

Not letting them in at all is clearly the better choice. I do not manage the city so it isn't my problem but it's what I would do--which, given the area, would make me unpopular right away--I'd be targeted, much like I was at Wanzl. But I would still do it in case some dope-head flips his lid on the public--management is about unpopular decisions, not making people like you.

Last week, everyone had to leave the library and Rec. Center; construction accidentally struck a gas line--it was the worst gas leak I ever smelled--you couldn't almost stand it, that's how much gas was spewing out the ground. My first thoughts upon seeing it, hearing it, and smelling it was pot--someone under the influence, so wasn't paying attention or thinking ahead.

While I was outside the library before that leak, I could smell marijuana--that's typical of Ridgeview, though--people smoke a lot of pot in Ridgeview because they just do. As a result, it could have been from anywhere because it's everywhere. Any time I walked through Ridgeview it smelled exactly like Plant 3 smelled like ***all the time***. Both locations were identical but the only people out there by the library was construction; someone outside during that gas leak told me they'd found beer cans in the trash--they felt construction was putting them away.

That could be why a gas line was hit but might not be and if it is or isn't, it isn't my problem; I'm not in construction and am not paid to manage it--but if the neighborhood were to have blown-up I would have probably said something. I've always had trouble keeping my mouth shut. And why would I not..? Like Wanzl with OSHA, Ridgeview does what it wants--laws are often overlooked nuisances and is why police are often around and occupied--HPD actually once spoke with the construction crew; there's a shooting or a beating every once in awhile like there was a shooting recently--there'll be more because there just will be--drugs are often factors leading to the morgue because they usually are. Wanzl was the same way--like HPD arrives for shootings, or breaks-up conflict--or are there because they're just there--Wanzl came into Plant 3 about a dozen or so times when I was at Wanzl--which makes sense:

They own the property. There was no way for us to know when they would show; if you smoked a cigarette in Plant 3, everyone would probably soon know--Plant 3 has no windows, but you'd be fired if some VIP caught you--people occasionally smoked tobacco anyway, carefully, but if you smoked something else all day long and openly it was an accepted practice.

Zenith Global was identical to Wanzl but I missed why for the longest--if you smoked a cigarette in Zenith they would probably have you committed--if you had weed though, you instantly became a necessary and valuable employee--even if you sucked, management couldn't get enough of you--Zenith GM Mike Rockette's untimely, dramatic bad end is the closest I can come to proving that. Wanzl head cheeses arrived in Plant 3 whenever they pleased to check-up on the commoners and their management pals--if Wanzl saw something they didn't like we'd soon know it--there would soon be

a meeting lead by Wanzl's Pedro Bercerra or Juan Carlos Lemus—the latter only leading one meeting—the one I was at where we all signed—for *“understanding the employee handbook.”* I never read the Wanzl employee handbook, though, it's thick—only an idiot would have done so. How Wanzl operated was clear to me my first week; Wanzl has strict online policies of conduct, like gifts preventing corruption, you could read that bullshit if you wanted to but you'd be better of drinking the Kool-Aid.

Wanzl thrived on nepotism—if you didn't know all the right people you'd be working overtime if neccesary—if you got wasted all day and knew all the right people you wouldn't work much.

Plant 3 had three supervisors who'd been there for years but only several people left who weren't in management—there wasn't much to do in Plant 3 was the reason for its small staff—about half of whom, though, were management—one of whom was one of Wanzl's biggest potheads—Shannon Hale. Who smoked more dope—Shannon Hale or James McGill even I still don't know. Plant 3 was a much better gig than the dreaded assembly line and everyone at Wanzl knew it; as a result of us all earning the same amount of money, people on “assembly” weren't happy about the arrangement—everyone at Wanzl knew we did next to nothing in Plant 3—those facts have also been obscured on social media. I eventually told Greg Eller I wasn't doing a damn thing all day in Plant 3 because I wasn't; I was watching people smoke dope, drink and bullshit—I knew when I got up in the mornings that that's how my day would be—the next eight hours would be a snoozefest as people ran their yaps. Leisure naturally put us behind on production not to mention other problems. In contrast, people ran from “assembly”—and by that I mean “ran” from the assembly line. Wanzl's Xanax salesman ran from assembly—which may have increased the price of Xanax on the street; at Wanzl it was *“five dollars”* or so I was offered just like that. You can get drugs anywhere—if I wanted them now Wanzl would be the first place I'd call. As a result of Wanzl's complete awareness of its property and its relationships with hardcore drug users aka “addicts,” I called Plant 3 what it really was not far from me: *“Sunny Valley Apartments.”* I even told Juan Carlos Lemus about “Sunny Valley”—because he asked. It got around about my first month that Juan Carlos Lemus was “smelling weed.” About a week later I told him why, who was doing it and where—he told me to be quiet about it so I was. That lead to Felix “The Flask” Chavez's drunken flip-outs—Chavez, Shannon Hale and James McGill could all explode at any time and did—people on drugs and booze are capable of anything—some were doing both. Then they drove forklifts.

James McGill exploded on Wanzl—he had his moments with everyone—it takes nuts to put away as much dope as McGill did then tell the company to eat shit but McGill did precisely that. Marijuana is often also a finger to The Man but Wanzl didn't get that, either. Wanzl was too stupid to know—nor did

they care--that addicts destroy--they don't build--they'll fall behind on production like James McGill clearly ran Plant 3. When we fell behind on production, and we did, Wanzl didn't chew us all out. They knew who the problem was; James McGill wandered Plant 3 bombed out of his skull. He had vicious fights with supervisor Pedro Bercerra; Bercerra once told me his trouble with keeping everyone moving--Bercerra didn't know shit about addiction, despite having friends deep in the game.

Wanzl and James McGill locked horns over production (and other rules we were all expected to follow that he routinely violated) because Wanzl and James McGill were on personal terms--joined at the hip--a rocky bromance McGill successfully manipulated his way. One thing Wanzl never said to McGill was his drug and drinking habit--while that's obvious to anyone reading this, The Dumbest Generation is often clueless. They're the people in management these days; they don't know shit but they're also cheap--it's why the system loves them.

Wanzl was paying James McGill to smoke pot and McGill knew it—I knew it, too--he did that more than he worked. Although most would find it hard to believe that James McGill ran Plant 3 and not Wanzl that was exactly the case; I soon picked-up on that. Right after telling Juan Carlos who alerted his nose with what, Wanzl gave James McGill a forklift with no license or training--as a result, McGill followed in the footsteps of Wanzl leadership--he smoked dope when he drove a forklift, too--just like his drug-buddy Shannon Hale. Hale and McGill had occasional meetings, like we had company meetings, but their meetings were about drugs and not Wanzl--The Newton Connection--get-togethers between Hale and McGill were about one topic but an important one and was why they were at Wanzl in the first place--such are "deals." If you blinked you missed them--I didn't miss them. When people plotted and planned on putting me out of work, I also didn't miss those. Although I was completely and entirely aware that James McGill didn't have a license to drive a forklift, I was unaware that Wanzl was OSHA-free until running into Angel Hernandez--who, as explained, ran into me first, which got my attention--it also inspired me to quit. That Thursday. As Hernandez was slinging gear around with a forklift in a rage--a machine he had no license or training for because no one else at Wanzl did, either--while screaming at someone who wasn't moving fast enough, the guy Hernandez was kicking around smelled like Shannon Hale. I never saw anyone drive a forklift like Hernandez did--I've had a lot of jobs--I also had a license at the time--I had no idea he was unlicensed, though, but my gut told me something was off, so I quit. If Hernandez was under the influence like other people were it will probably never be known.

Out of all the paperwork I got from the NCDOL--Angel Hernandez is naturally missing despite being there like I assumed he was before someone told me he was there. The day before Hernandez--as I told Hernandez too, Felix Chavez threw a tool at me I later recorded on my phone. If I knew what the results would have been when I told Greg Eller about Chavez, I would have

turned that tool on and jammed it into Chavez's eye--he had done that before—the first time he did that it was a metal bar he chucked my way in a rage. I considered splitting his head open with it and will the next time someone does that "at work." Chavez was drunk well before 9 A.M. (we started at 7 A.M.). Chavez was probably also drunk the days he was out—that became such a problem, the first class came into Plant 3 summoning Chavez to Juan Carlos Lemus's office—the look on Chavez's face when he returned made it clear he was in the soup. He could get plastered at Wanzl all he wanted to—but not at home—that's what the meeting was really about—Chavez was probably drunk as he was being chewed-out for being an unreliable drunk--he needed to work on his drinking so he did. He no longer laid-out of work but because we never had much to do in Plant 3 we began working four-day workweeks—where we continued to do nothing for the four days—Greg Eller's people worked six days and were occasionally fired—that didn't make sense. What they were fired for was clearly not because they were under the influence or that would have spread like wildfire—Thomas the Wanderer came to Plant 3 and told us whatever dirt he thought he knew—until they fired him, too. It was impossible to get fired in Plant 3 because there was nothing to fire you about—James McGill had done it all while Shannon Hale wrecked a machine he didn't have a license for in the first place—they're still there today. Telling Greg Eller about Felix Chavez and Friends only inspired Wanzl to unionize—for the first and only time; when I returned from Eller's about Chavez's boozing, Shannon Hale told the fellas "*There'll be an accident on purpose around here.*" It's important to know how hard Wanzl fought for its drugs. Anyone snooping for the opioid crisis can start in manufacturing.

Wanzl and Zenith Global were so alike I told the fellas all about Zenith's Moonshine Boys—the last time I was repeatedly offered moonshine was at Zenith, before that was in high school and/or afterwards, but it was only a taste—Zenith, too, was booze, pills and pot—and lots of fights—I busted one of Zenith's team-leaders and told him I'd do it worse if he didn't change his ways--that was Bobby who smoked pot in the men's room with new hires. Other fights I had no connection to—Booze vs. Pills were also about to go at it. When I saw Bobby later in Walmart he didn't say shit—it was the first time he had nothing to say to me—an additional factor was Bassett Furniture taking over Zenith entirely, so 86'd Zenith's benefits, or so I've heard and also learned online—that probably took the stuffing out of Bobby, too—it would have with me. Zenith's bennies were good--it was the only reason I and others were there (while it wasn't a "two hundred dollar a week" attendance bonus like Arch Staffing lied about it was still \$100 a week attendance bonus—that's still a lot of money for just showing-up so I did). I was unaware that Melissa McCall was Zenith Global Human Resources before she became Wanzl Human Resources and where A&T University's Health Safety Environment Coordinator Blake Guffey was (whose degree is *in Health and Safety*) who knows but I'll bet Guffey worked from home doing nothing but making a salary—he remains a fine fixer so successfully mislead

and lied to the NCDOL about “randoms.” I was familiar with James McGill's paraphernalia and drug problem my second day--I also think I know who McGill's dealer is--I never saw Blake Guffey anywhere at Wanzl. As a result, I put “Health Safety Environment Coordinator” on my Indeed resume as a joke--Wanzl did nothing to fix itself--it “resisted change” for over a year but finally had to give in and get everyone certified to drive forklifts--as far as I'm concerned, I was Wanzl's Health and Safety person although I really wasn't. As a result of what I've lied about online, I've gotten offers to be a Health Safety Environment Coordinator--one of my duties (there are many) would be to stay on top of OSHA--but one of those positions is also *remote*. How on Earth would I be able to stay on top of safety or accidents without actually being *at* the company? Wanzl knows the answer to that--its Health and Safety Environment Coordinator wasn't actually *at* the plant but still did great. When you're white and well-connected, performance isn't an issue.

James McGill's dealer is probably Jarrod Donte Fuller who infiltrated Kontane Logistics several years ago—he quit within days but not before wrecking the place.

One might say he was hard to get along with. While I never had a problem with him, Kontane did--they told him to stop wandering around and get to work--his response was threatening Kontane management. Greg Canter of Kontane Logistics was the only person to cut someone loose for being wasted (it wasn't Fuller). I had little choice but to tell Canter how plastered someone was—I didn't look forward to it so made it the last task of the day; I called as I got in bed that night—I never saw Caleb again. Wanzl and ProStaffing did the opposite—they saved them, then promoted them to teetotalling forklift drivers and “family men”—Wanzl preferred people on the sauce and unlicensed so they wouldn't quit for a better deal—if someone got hurt it probably wouldn't have been Wanzl—they'd cover it up which is what they did here. Wanzl has a “new” Health Safety person but James McGill is still there—it was clear to me that McGill probably didn't go five minutes without something in his system. It's impossible to clean-up McGill—you would have no choice but to fire him--but you couldn't because he'd take Shannon Hale with him--he would do exactly that. Indeed allowed my review of Wanzl to stand—I called it *“Future Clients of Exodus Homes.”*

When we worked overtime it was never “too long.” Wanzl was afraid we would quit--then Plant 3 would be like “assembly” was. Wanzl worked the assembly line because they didn't have anyone else—it didn't make much sense for Wanzl to work “assembly” while some kid smoked dope on his butt but that was life at Wanzl. Even the dumbest at Wanzl would have realized a forklift license made them more employable—Wanzl knew that so made sure it never happened. James McGill and Jarrod (Donte) Fuller are linked on social media—that answers that--there isn't a reason in the world to have anything to do with Fuller—drugs would be the only reason. Just being around Fuller

would probably get you arrested if not worse.

Fuller was clearly a connected guy if not a dealer altogether or so he appeared, behaved (and smelled) to me at Kontane—he was also crazy—despite his size and attitude, Fuller couldn’t handle an entry-level task at Kontane. I didn’t know who he was but his record I later found online was precisely like he was at work. Out of his mind, hostile and on drugs.

I got blocked on social media by Wanzl long ago but prior to being excommunicated, slandered and scapegoated for every problem in labor—instead of the system admitting that not all of its people were angels with excellent attendance who never fell behind on production—prior to quitting Wanzl, I was an industry insider and contributor entirely aware of how Wanzl and Catawba County manufacturing works. It works through who-you-know—a source inside Wanzl told me James McGill is still there but seemed to be falling off the radar—and that Angel Hernandez is their team leader. Shannon Hale, Jose “Hot Lips” Campos (who never shut up—with also the ability to go on about himself—Campo’s delusional take on reality—“*People don’t like change*”—Campos was no “influencer,” not for how he talked for hours—he went on so long I hid from him—so I wouldn’t fall behind, with the crew falling-out over how long he went on after he’d left). In reality, Campos was a natural member and supporter of the Opioid Club so chewed the fat with the best of ‘em—that makes “Pepe” Campos about as bright as Felix Chavez and Friends—the same as Wanzl CEO Ben Hinnen also claims to be an engineer so is also an all-around “smart guy.” Campos and Crew—including part-time partyer Gerald Puente all got their names in lights on social media while I got the shaft—a bad report from ProBimbos in Conover—a week after quitting was I informed that I was let go by Weedzl “for attendance.” It’s the first time I’ve been “fired” a week after throwing in the towel—but as ProCunts knows, I e-mailed them about Wanzl’s “Sunny Valley Apartments.” When I told Pro about Kontane a few years later, I never got an answer; when I told them about Brian being arrested after he went to the hospital from H.T. Hackney, all Pro wanted to know was whether I was going to finish the assignment—I did. In the world of ProStaffing people nod off on toilets all the time. Because they recruit from the soup kitchen, maybe they’re right. When I got to Wanzl I decided it would be my last assignment with ProSyringes—it was my third. I was tired of the shit-hole workplaces, the drugs and dealers—the *crazy people*.

I didn’t have one campaign run on me at Wanzl, but two—one was about dope, the other was about OSHA—Shannon Hale promised me “There will be nothing you will ever do about Angel Hernandez.” As a result, because I wasn’t talking to him about that, anyway, I give out Hale’s cell number to spammers—that’s on social media, too, so is how I hound him back—I actually told him to get off my back—it’s what happens when you put addicts in management—you get addicts in management; Hale had no connection to Angel Hernandez—Hale was probably smoking pot in Plant 3 at the time—it

was none of his business—Hale and Hernandez were, though, directly connected for being shitty forklift drivers. Now they both have licenses despite their shitty safety records—there's a huge dent in a pole in Plant 3 put there by Shannon Hale—it remains physical evidence of a DUI. I know someone who went to prison for their DUI's—it's where Wanzl should also be. It is an obvious fact that Blake Guffey was never actually at Wanzl—but the “people from Germany” were. “The people from Germany” sound like the owners of the entire company to me—as a result of the “people from Germany” coming to Newton, NC, I could tell you who they are in a line-up—but if you put Blake Guffey in a line-up I would have no idea who he was. We were told to clean-up the place for the “people from Germany,” but we really didn't—it was still a dump when they came through (that's been proven because they hired housekeepers sometime after that). No one ever said *“And don't be smoking that shit and drinking—the people from Germany are going to be here in a few days.”* The plug was never pulled on that or I would have noticed the change; when I told Juan Carlos Lemus who was smoking the most dope and where in his building, the crew laid-off for a few hours—they'd clearly been tipped-off—by Juan Carlos Lemus. I didn't tell anyone else. But they were soon back at it. When the “people from Germany” were in Greg Eller's plant no one called Plant 3 for a heads-up—everyone kept doing what they were doing like no one was around—I couldn't believe that. If I were Juan Carlos Lemus and the “people from Germany” were on their way I would have probably replaced every single one of them. Friends would have been the first to go. Nepotism was like broken machinery at Wanzl—it was worse than broken machinery, actually—machines can be fixed because they were—by maintenance. They were the only people at Wanzl with skills..

Blake Guffey undoubtedly found the same things I found probably his first day—he stayed home because he couldn't fix it, nor can you change people at home—if he tried, they probably would have fired him or at least have raised the ire of the crew—James McGill would have been pissed—he might have told Jarrod Fuller of the new developments at work. Despite doing nothing at Wanzl, Blake Guffey listed his “accomplishments” at Wanzl on social media, too; he's sending the message that he'll play the game however they want him to play it—he hasn't told the truth for about two years—who knows if he'll ruin his golden parachute but it's not looking good. I'll probably contact A&T University in Greensboro about the damage he's done.

Additional outsider information concerning Wanzl is when I told Shannon Hale to shut his mouth in Walmart about a year after I quit—I dodged him the first time I saw him in there—like we all avoid idiots, that's what I do, too—but he saw me first the second time—when I got in his face and chipped tooth for a reminder of who runs the show out here, it was the first time I ever dealt with Hale when he was sober. It was the first time Hale didn't reek of pot—that was new: No wonder Wanzl's still pissed at me—I should have been thrown out of Walmart for that thanks aw

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1. [Blake Guffey - OHSE Manager - CBRE Global ... - LinkedIn](#)

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Charlotte, North Carolina, United States. Health Safety Environment Coordinator. Wanzl North America. Apr 2021 - Jul 2022 1 year 4 months. Compliance and Risk/Safety Program Associate Manager....